

BLUE GRASS BLADE

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DEVOTED TO THE PROPAGANDA OF FREETHOUGHT

Spartacus

AS A CONVERT TO FREETHOUGHT.

(By Joseph Rogers.)

The Roman throng detecting joy in deeds of blood,
The Coliseum fills, to wager gold or worded breath,
On whether sword or spear would win when Nero should
With haughty mein demand the cruel feast of death.

Enslaver of a world! Matured in acts of war
His harden'd heart rebukes the pitiful appeal,
Of vanquish'd foe, or bleeding gladiator;
The Roman courts fetes that allow the ring of steel.

A word he speaks and blood of man befouls the sands;
He nerves the arm of Jove to serve the mighty stroke
That mailed breast, or trained skill, in vain, withstands,
To guard the human life subjected to his yoke.

But see! The gladiator walk toward the place,
Where Nero, sleepless stuffer of the maws of Rome,
In quiet sits amid the dames and men who grace,
With mirth and murder plot the splendor of his home.

With lightning speed they draw the swords from out their
sheaths,
Then pause where Nero can their every action see,
And not aware how Victory may give her wreaths,
They cry, "Caesar! We die and dying salute thee!"

The noise of speculation hovers over all,
As warily the brawny warriors throw their shields
In place; much needed measures for the battle's call,
Allows the sudden blow Alertness always deals.

The signal peals, and wild excitement dances out,
As clash of weapon ushers in the bloody strife.
"Attack him warily," the most cautious shout,
And carnage answers back with "Use well the knife."

The fighters, ever fearful of the coward's fate,
Are worked up to madness by the hoots and jeers,
And strive, like tigers, each other to subjugate,
For tardiness meets torment that the bravest fears.

The flashing steel like tongues of resenting snakes,
Leap here and there in hopes to reach the vital spot
By thrust or cut, what matter which, if blow but backs,
Or snaps the earth-born right to life the foe has got?

The mob, enshrin'd in doubt allays its noisy din,
And tries to read in feints, or deeds, the fighters minds,
For gold, in plenty, come to those whose judgments win,
By seeing, now, which sword the greater skill unwinds.

Ah, there it is! The cruel steel finds flesh at last,
And human blood before the Roman vision pours,
As the victor's tigerish yell of victory floats past,
To fire the plaudits that in wildest frenzy soars.

Proclaim your lust! Find pleasure in another's pain,
And twine your thorns about the brow of him who wins,
So a coming age will note the fall of those so slain,
And off your children ask correction for your sins.

The victor plants his foot on his late comrade's neck,
To crush resistance in a body nearly dead,
And cries, "Thy will, oh, Caesar, visit on the wreck,
Of him who bravely at thy gory banquet bled."

Nero with soul of tiger darting from his eyes,
Accepts the verdict that the noisy mob gives breath.
And standing up to better view the bleeding prize,
He gives by use of voice and thumb the sign of death,

The thirsty steel, in mercy, plies its hellish work,
And tosses on the sands the fallen mortal's head;
A frame, in whose recesses late a life did lurk,
To make a Roman holiday, lies torn and dead.

The survivor musing o'er the empty glory won,
With bowed head addresses low the shattered clay:
"Forgive me, Claudius, the cruel deed I've done,
I lost all sight of thy dear friendship in the fray."

"I've kill'd a friend," and like fire the burning thought,
Destroys all fear of what may come of Nero's frown,
So he exclaims, "My country! Use the skill thou taught,
Thy sons in battles meant to drag the Romans down.

"Arouse thy hosts, and when, oh, nation of the free,
Thy valor cuts a passage through the Roman gates,
Amid a heap of slain a son of thine thou'll see,
Who died to glut his ire on conditions that he hates."
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Proposed Shrine for Pope

The New Scheme Announced by Archbishop Farley for Raising More Cash Comes in for Biting Criticism.

(By Josephine K. Henry.)

The press announces that Archbishop Farley of New York is to purchase the home of Pope Pius IX. in Italy, and convert it into a shrine, in which the relics of that pontiff will be placed.

No one supposes for a moment that the Archbishop will put a dollar of his own money into this enterprise. He will simply issue an order to his dupes to come up with the shekels, and they will come, and the Archbishop will perform the rest of the stunt in founding a new shrine. When the thing has been done it will be blazoned forth what a great service the Archbishop has rendered the world, and what a hard working, self-sacrificing Archbishop he is, and that he is grooming himself for canonization.

What earthly good is a shrine to this weary old struggling world? Shanties for the people are needed much more than shrines for popes. Yet the people who under orders from their bishop put up their hard-earned money for shrines, seldom have a roof to shelter them, and as long as they are exploited by popes and prelates, they never will have. One would think with a Vatican containing eleven hundred rooms there would be enough room to store the relics of the popes ecclesiastical millinery, the ridiculous petticoats, aprons, capes, hats, etc., the clergy get themselves up in. I have often wondered when bishops get themselves up in satin petticoats, lace capes, red hats, diamonds rings, etc., if they do not have a good laugh in their bishops sleeves of what clowns they make of themselves in order to dupe the people. A bishop in full costume to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, throws in the shade the summer girl in her coming-out ball dress. Rulers and the clergy always get the credit for whatever the people do and pay for. To read the comments on the Victorian era one would think Queen Victoria personally built the great battleships of the English navy, won the battles of English soldiers with weak and oppressed nations, made the laws and scientific discoveries, and wrote all the books of her time, when in fact she was an extremely ordinary woman who never did or said anything worth recording, except to beat the English people out of vast sums of money to support her numerous progeny. When the Episcopal Bishop, Potter, of New York, died recently, the press rung with praises of his great services to mankind (nothing was

said about womankind though the Bishoprie would have been lean pickings without the women of his diocese and a millionaire wife). Bishop Potter's greatest work, the papers said, was the building of the splendid Cathedral of St. John the Divine, on Morningside drive. This cathedral has already cost over ten millions of dollars, and it will take two or three times that much to finish it. Bishop Potter had the richest sinecure in the American Church, beside was a man of wealth, and married a second wife worth millions. It would be interesting to know how much of his wealth Bishop Potter put into the St. John the Divine Cathedral. Possibly not enough to buy two bricks and the mortar to cement them, yet this same bishop was the champion clerical beggar of his time. He stood in his gorgeous chancel and begged millions of money, yet if the half-starved men and women who are out of work in this country beg on the streets, they are escorted by the gentlemen in blue to the station house.

The law protects a bishop in his graft and jails the starving beggar—Christianity teaches that all men are sinners. The New Testament tells of two Johns; one of them was the brother of Jesus, one of the seven children of the Virgin Mary. Both these Johns were "mere men." How did one of them become St. John the Divine for which the Potter Cathedral is named? Certainly either of these Johns would feel much out of place in this splendid cathedral. Matthew 3:4 says: "And the same John had his raiment of camels' hair and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey." The other John had less than this, and if either of them should appear today at a "Bishop's Palace" he would be ordered from the premises.

Farley with his Pope's shrine scheme and Potter with his cathedral are both in the same business, that of robbing their rich and poor dupes. What earthly good are cathedrals, and pope's shrines anyway? Churches and religious shrines depreciate the value of all property near them. Nine-tenths of the time they are closed and as dark and forbidding as vaults. Church doors never swing wide to shelter the homeless from cold or storm. If it were not for the Almighty Dollar, bishops and the other clergy would not bother much about churches and shrines; they would leave Almighty God severely alone to build his own cathedrals and shrines.

It would be interesting to know just how much of the coin

Heavenly Exchequer, and how much per cent the clergy—the middle men—get for their begging services. The church is the that is cast “on the altar of the Lord” ever reaches the giant robber of the world. It is the same yesterday, today and forever, and its various questionable methods of getting money, have never been equalled by the most accomplished political grafters.

It is an insult to common intelligence to claim that one class

of human beings have a knowledge of the destiny of humanity and are called by a God to be spiritual guides for the race. Not one pope, priest or preacher that ever begged money for the Lord has ever been able to produce his commission from Deity. The priest is the begging delegate of an imaginary god, and though other duties are side-tracked, he never neglects to beg. Versailles, Ky.

Short Lessons in Greatness

As the Lives of Great and Brave Men Inspire Patriotism and Love We Honor Ourselves by Honoring Them.

Giordano Bruno.

(By August Seymore.)

The name of Giordano Bruno is a thorn in the eye of the triumphant beast of Rome.

This great apostle of confirmed truths was born at Nola, Italy, in the year 1548, of poor parents. He was like his native soil, volcanic in temperament. His life's work wrought destruction to much of the so-called learning of the church of Rome. Wonderful truths and wisdom poured forth from his intellectual crater like streams of lava from a volcano.

He was brought up in the church of Rome. He early realized the corruption, perversion and deterioration of that organization and his contempt for clerical and political tyranny soon fanned itself into a longing for mental freedom.

We find him at seventeen in the convent of Domenico Maggiore, in Naples, whence he had gone, there being but three opportunities for a ambitious young man in his days, namely: The law, the army, and the church. In 1575 we find him a full fledged priest. He soon became a monk but as one of the chief qualities of a monk is mental submission he resigned, preferring to remain honest with the world. With the great Shelly he might have said:

“From that hour did I with earnest thought

Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore,

Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or thought

I cared to learn, but from that secret store

Wrought linked armor for my soul, before, It might walk forth to war among mankind.”

The doctrines of the church of Rome had become obnoxious to Bruno and he never hesitated to give his opinions to the world.

He loved mental honesty, a virtue fatal to any church. He knew the risk he was incurring, for men were daily tortured to death for treason against God.

The motto of the Church of Rome was: “Le Messe ou La Mort” (mass or death). A noble motto worthy of the Church of God and perfectly in keeping with its practice. After being hunted from city to city, from France to Italy, thence to Germany, back to France, thence to Switzerland, the home of the gentle Calvin, after filling rostrums in the great universities of Europe, after defeating in mental combat all the intellectual giants of Europe, the cruel fingers of Rome, red with human blood, black with crime, finally caught him, tried him and condemned him to death by fire.

It was on Thursday, the 17th day of February, 1600, that this intellectual giant, hero, champion, lover of intellectual freedom, was brought forth to die. It was a feast day in Rome, as was any day when a human being was to be burned to death by the order of the followers of the meek Nazarene. It was a grand spectacle. Special platforms were erected for sightseers and Pilgrims of the true church who had come to enjoy the agony of a dying infidel (?) and, incidentally, to purchase sin forgiveness from him who “Stands on an equality with the son of God.” Also, special platforms, elaborately decorated with the colors of the true church, had been erected opposite the stake for the special benefit of the holy men of God who conducted the praying and singing with one hand, while they lit the fagots with the other hand. Fifty cardinals had come to Rome to attend the burning of Bruno, and thus show their loyalty to the true religion. There they sat, dressed in purple, wearing the holy cross, the symbol of meekness, while their hearts were filled with venom and hatred for their helpless victim. If there be a treason against God it is to burn a man at the stake in His name or for His cause.

“I go to carry the divine in us to the divine in the universe.” These were among

his last words which contemporary traditions assigned to him.

And now the fagots are being piled high about his feet. He submits himself to be bound. What his thoughts were we know not, but that enthusiasm for truth supported Giordano Bruno in his last moments we cannot doubt. The last smile which passed over his manly face was, when a little girl, following the example of, the holy men of God, carried a fagot to the feet of the great martyr and philosopher. The fire blazes around the form of Bruno, but not a moan escapes his thin lips. No expression of anger passes his pale face. But to add insult to injury a priest thrust a crucifix under his eyes, but Bruno looking straight at the offender exclaimed: “I have no hell to fear and no heaven to hope for.”

Bruno is no more, but today his bronze statue stands in Rome erected on the very spot where he was burned to death, by the vicious fingers of rapacious Rome, as an eternal witness to the inhuman treatment which this great and harmless man suffered at the hands of those men whose God lives in the sky.

His name is firmly hewed upon the great rocks of immortality. His honesty cost him his life.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL BIBLE CLASS UNION OF AMERICA.

Text-Book Bible Myths and Their Parallel in Other Religions (by Doane)

Lessons for the month of August, 1909:

August 1—The Crucifixion of Christ Jesus continued from page 187 to page 193.

August 8—The Crucifixion of Christ Jesus continued from page 193 to page 199.

August 15—The Crucifixion of Christ Jesus continued from page 199 to page 206.

August 22—The Darkness at the Crucifixion, page 206 to page 211.

August 29—Christ Jesus' Descent into Hell, page 211 to page 215.

Prof. A. J. Clausen, Nat'l Organizer,
St. Ansgar, Iowa.

Let the Fight Be Fair

**Author of Man's Origin and Destiny Makes
Strong Reply to a Number of His
Critics—Protest Against Abuse
of Language.**

(By Dr. A. Hausman.)

"The better is the enemy of the good," says a proverb whose truth is illustrated by progress, we are eternally striving to obtain something superior to what we possess. The purpose of this peaceable struggle is not destruction as in wars, but the improvement of our existence and both parties, the victor and the vanquished participate equally in the beneficial results. In this friendly rivalry in which both combatants are moved by a common impulse, interest in the general welfare, there are certain rules and restrictions observed in the use of weapons or tools employed, intended to secure a fair decision of the question at issue. In scientific disputes language is the weapon used, consisting of many words, each of which has a certain meaning universally understood and agreed upon and it is easy to see that we can not argue a matter unless the accepted significance is respected by both parties. In such contests it is usually the weaker party which resorts to unfair tricks and subterfuge and it is against such reprehensible practices employed by our opponents in the battle of progress, that I want to register a protest with the umpire—the public.

I have frequently noticed that our opponents at the wrong end of the rope in the eternal tug of war between progress and barbarism, resort to jugglery of words, instead of arguing with facts, when they are cornered and can no longer avoid absurd conclusions from wrong premises. Whenever you call the attention of a pretended Christian (a real one does not exist), to the unpleasant fact that the Christian era was more barbarous than the pagan age, the reply will be almost invariably that the religion at the time was not the right kind of Christianity, although there was never any other. Or, if you make uncomplimentary remarks about the god who is supposed to be responsible for all the human misery, the answer will be, oh, that is not the right god, the one that I mean is quite different, he is outside the universe and in it, he is in the sky, in the earth, the water and the solid rocks, around me and in me—the latter being the most astounding assertion, the speaker betraying in no way a trace of divinity.

Now our friend A. E. Wade has fallen into the same sinful ways, using words in a wrong manner tending to distort the meaning of my remarks on Christian Sci-

ence in its relation to medicine. I do not care to be called a fool or ass, provided it is proved that I deserve such epithets, but I object to having imputed false opinions by means of using certain terms to designate objects for which they are not intended.

In his explanations Brother Wade mentions certain parties in Los Angeles and San Diego intimating that it could be inferred from my statements that they were liars. Since I do not know them nor their relation to the matter in dispute, I fail to see the point.

But in regard to my opinion of our judicial system and court proceedings, Brother Wade has expressed my sentiments correctly and recent events in California have not tended to change them. A San Francisco paper recently published an account of the costs of the graft prosecution since the fire, which amount to a little over \$213,000 and to this \$57,000 more must be added as the cost of the Calhoun trial just ended. What has the city received for this money, paid at a time when she was suffering from the recent disaster and thousands of people were without work? Nothing absolutely nothing, not a dollar restored nor a single criminal in the penitentiary. Brother Wade may be satisfied with this kind of justice. I am not.

Concerning Mrs. Eddy's pretensions, I reduced them to their proper limits, but my opponent claims as a fact that mind is the sole and principal agent in the cure of all diseases, not only functional but organic, and here is where I differ with Brother Wade. Aside from the one class of diseases in which disturbance of the mind causes disorders of the nutritive system, diseases take their course entirely independent from the intellectual functions. In certain fevers, as in typhoid for instance, the mind is affected often to the extent of complete unconsciousness and if Brother Wade can show that even in this condition it is the partial or entire agent in the cure of the disease, he will have enriched science by a great discovery and have conferred upon him honorary degrees by the medical faculties. In the meantime we know the course these diseases take without the slightest regard to the mind. We also know that we have no remedies against the diseases, except about half a dozen, and yet the mortality in all of them has been greatly reduced by proper treatment in typhoid fever for instance, from over 30 per cent at the beginning of the last century to 5 per cent and less at the present time.

In his statement that in consumption

nature (mind) will rebuild the wasted tissues and restore the lungs again, Brother Wade has so far strayed from the truth that I advise him to consult in future a competent person if he intends to write on a subject on which he is ignorant. In the first place the destroyed lung is never rebuilt after the germs are killed, it is replaced by a solid connective tissue which can not perform the functions of the lung. In the second, mind has nothing to do with the healing directly (it may improve the condition) and to use the term synonymously with nature, is the practice against which I protest. It is true that according to our views (not Mrs. Eddy's), mind is part of nature, the same as life, death, fire, electricity and everything else, but the term designates something definite, our intellectual functions (and since Darwin those of the higher animals) and can not be applied indiscriminately to something else.

When a bone is broken, the tissue has the injury, whether the individual has a mind or not, as in young children and animals. In some of the lower forms of the latter which certainly can not claim to possess a mind, the power of regeneration is developed to such a degree, that an entire limb may be reproduced.

Medical science has recognized the healing power of nature long before our friend Wade was born and his well meant advice to keep up with the new discoveries comes a trifle late. Medical science does not pretend to usurp these functions of nature but steps in where she fails to save the life or usefulness of an individual and in this way the art of healing has achieved its satisfactory results. When a bone is broken the tissues have the tendency to produce material for the union of the fragments but neither mind nor nature can replace them into the proper position and keep them in it until a union has been effected. It requires indeed a human mind, not of the patient but of the surgeon, to perform this task and when properly done it matters not whether the former applies his mind to Mrs. Eddy's book, the Koran, Bible, or any other work. When a joint is dislocated it must be reduced by skillful manipulations, during which the mind of the patient is often excluded from taking part in the proceedings by being temporarily extinguished in narcose. Many wounds will never heal and others (for instance, those which open the abdomen), are invariably fatal, if not properly closed according to the rules of surgery. And improved technique alone does not account for the brilliant results of modern surgery, the strict observance of antiseptics is an indispensable postulate. To give an idea of the wonderful reduction of mortality in certain operations the mind of scientists to whom we owe this method,

(Lister in the front rank), has produced, I will mention an incident in which the parties were well known to me at the time. A prominent physician, professor of surgery, of the pre-antiseptic age, remarked to a younger colleague who later attained even greater prominence, that the climate of that city was not favorable to operations requiring the opening of the abdominal cavity, he had done it 16 times and all he had to show were 15 graves in the cemetery. The younger surgeon later performed this

operation more than seventy times in succession without losing a single case.

I hope Brother Wade will relate some cases in which a dislocated joint was reduced, a broken bone set, a smashed limb cured, a child in shoulder presentation turned—all by the powerful mind of Mrs. B. Eddy or anybody else, then I am ready to forsake the god of reason and worship the idol of humbug.

Alameda, Calif.

Wat Me An' Ant Patty Knowed

How the "Preecher" Got a Mud Bath as Punishment for Flirtatious Propensities.

(By E. J. and May Beals-Hoffpauir.)

Wun time I ast our skool teecheer wat is a hootchy kootchy dance an our skool teecheer sez its the way the pure in heart dance at camp meetin sonny. But my pa sez our skool teecheer is a rybald an profayn yung man.

Our hole nayborhood goes crazy on camp-meetins every year. We've got a big tabernacle down by the bayou an great big oke trees aroun it an the wimmen has prayer meetins at sundown way out under the trees an howl.

Wun time my ant Patty come a visitin us at campmeetin time. Ant Patty is a beaut an a good fellow. Her eyes is smiley an shiney an our skool teecheer told her wun night her hare is spun gold. I hurd him cos they was sittin on the gallery steps an I hed done erawled under em. I thawt they was talkin reeligin but they wasn't. I didn't kno our skool teecheer eud talk squaw talk. I told Jimmy an he sed we eud overlook it bekaws he was talking to my ant Patty. If it hed bin the preechers dawter who gigguls an layees her wayst we wud skorn the skool teecheer.

Jimmy sed mabee the skool teecheer wud marry my ant Patty an that mayd me mity proud. I thawt Id put a bug in ant Pattys ear so I told her our skool teecheer is as strong as John L. Sullivan an brave as a bloody pirate. She laffed an looked rite interusted an so I told her the skool teecheer has denied the faith an is wurse than a infidel.

Ant Patty give a little screech an sed what makes you think that Tommy? An I told her the preecher sed so an I'd kno it any way bekaws he stans by me an Jimmy an gives his last cent tu ennybody that's hard upp an if I was a girl I'd go after our skool teecheer like a hownd pup after liver.

Ant Patty didn't say nothin an that evening when the skool teecheer kum ant Patty was sittin out on the gallery talkin tu the new preecher. He's the evangulest thats kum tu help in the campmeetins and he was struck on ant Patty an didn't like for the skool teecheer tu put in a wurd edjways.

An he went walkin with ant Patty the new preecher did most every day an the skool teecheer looked as glum as a old allygaytor. An he set by ant Patty in the choir the new preecher did an sung tenner. He's a roundeyed guy with a mouth like a catfish an we didn't like his face me an Jimmy didn't but we thawt he was on the square enny how till I listened inside the oke tree.

I clumb the oke to git a bird's egg for my klektion an then I found a hole in a great big limb clost to the ground and I slid inside to see what I eud find. I was slid down where nobody eudent see me from the outside an that preecher that was stuck on ant Patty kum along an another feller with him. A feller that was at skool with him an is going to be a preecher nex year. An they set down neer the oke an was talkin about havin fun with the girls an I prikked up my eers.

This time last yeer I woodn't of knowed wat he meant when he began talkin about ant Patty but our school teecheer told me wunst that preechers is rottener than the devvul an put me nex.

As soon as they went off I clumb out an hunted ant Patty. I thawt about tellin the skool teecheer kaws he sure wood enjoy liekin em but the skool teecheer says every-boddy must stand on their own peddestul so I told ant Patty fust.

Ant Patty just stood an looked at me while I was tellin her an her eyes had blue fires in em. An when I told her the other fellow said but old chap she's pretty enuf for a preecher's wife Id marry her fize you she spoke up an sez to me that's enuf sonny the insullence ov the beasts. An I

went on ennyway an told her the preecher said Im most crazy enuf bout her to marry her if thats the best terms i kan make but I want a highly culchered wife.

An my ant Patty woodn't listen to enny more. She just told me not to tell enny body else an went off with her head up hi.

An that evening when the preecher kum to take her tu the wimmens sundown prayer meetin I looked for her tu squeleh him sum how but she was just az sweet az pie an when she started off tu meeting with him I sez fraylty thy name is woman an I was so dumfounded it made me rite seasick. But ant Patty stopped at the gate an ast me tu bring out her parusol an I did an wunk at me with one eye so the dam preecher cudnt see an that put me nex an I knew she was game.

I called Jimmy an we went tu the wimmens prayermeetin an he wudnt of went an no more wud I but I knew there was sumthin doin an told him it wood be nex thing tu a circus if not nexter.

An sure enuf it was the grandest ever. There was only a lot of wimmen an two or three preechers that likes wimmenfolks an the yung man thats goin tu be a preecher nex yeer an me an jimmy. One of the preechers dawters stood up under a big oke an talked a little an then they all knelt down an prayed. I noticed that ant Patty had went close tu the oke an when her an her preecher knelt down they was right at the edge of the bayou an he was between her an the bayou. An he led in prayer an raised his voyse high an sum of the wimmen fokes begun shoutin an the preechers tu. An all at wunst ant Patty raised up her voyse in a screech just like the rest an she waved her arms aroun like a windmill an hollered glory glory.

An sure enuf it was glory for me kaws when ant Patty throwed her arms out in front of her and brot em in a long sweep she knocked the preecher into the bayou head first. An all the dam fuls thot it was aksidental but me an Jimmy. An ant Patty jumped rite up a screechin like she was gittin relijin an fust thing we knew she lited with her two little feet in the middle of the preechers back an he was face down in the mud. Jimmy sez golly she'll drown him an I sez damit I hope so. Ant Patty is only sixteen but she's as big as my ma and strong like a Gibson girl the skool teecheer said wunst. She was a fine waltzer fore she got relijin an kwit waltzin an thats huceum she just waltzed up an down that preechers spine az easy az rollin off a log and kept him most al under the mud and never got her toes wet. Gee whizz!! that was better'n seein a monkey ride a cirens pony an jump thru red hoops. Jimmy an me just rolled on the ground an yelled.

(Continued on page 12.)

MAN'S ORIGIN AND DESTINY

SELF-DELUSION MAKES COWARD'S OF MEN—BELIEF IN
DIVINE PROVIDENCE REDUCES MANKIND TO SLAVERY
—THE TENOR OF SOCIAL AND POLITICAL
LIFE IN AMERICA.

(By Dr. A. Hausman.)

It is exactly the same here in America, though we have no monarchy and but a small standing army. But we have a large army who live far better than the average citizen without doing a stroke of work. And, the same as in the old country, we find the whole political, legal and clerical power opposed to progress and from the same reason. That it is so difficult to introduce improvements and reforms is simply because the people do not hold out any inducements for persons to exert themselves in behalf of the public welfare. The foolish system of short terms must necessarily corrupt the government. Although the people here know better than to believe in a divine origin of the government, they fall into another superstition which answers the purpose just as well. Whenever I had a conversation with a born American, who had never been out of the country, about the miserable government, his final argument would be invariably: The laws are good enough if they were only enforced. This is the great political mistake of the American people, the fault of the disgraceful corruption lies in the laws, they are no longer fit for the present age, the people have outgrown them, and they are defective if they do not carry in themselves the power to control their proper execution. This can be done only by stimulating the interest of the person hired by the people, in the right direction. Human nature is the same all over the world, the average man will be honest if it is his interest to be so, he will steal if that pays better. In Germany the official is honest, because it is his interest to be so, here he steals, because it is his advantage to do so, the people do not appreciate honesty, they only respect wealth, not the manner in which it is gained. It is true that infractions upon honesty are not entirely excluded among any nation, but is it not better that one instead of a hundred dollars be stolen? Another foolish argument against reform is the bugbear of centralization, as a consequence of a longer or even lifetime term of office. How can any public institution be operated without a system and a central power? Only make the subaltern officers independent in position from the supreme power and reform of the whole department will be the result. Mutual control and improvements will be the natural sequence of assured position, but as it is now, the holder of an office has no interest in the effective operation of the department. He dares not denounce his superiors if he detects any irregularities and does not attempt to abolish abuses, be-

cause he expects to go out of office before long. The idea of rotation of office is childish and stupid, though there are many offices it is impossible that every citizen can have his turn. And why should not a person make a certain branch of political economy or government of life-long study and occupation, the same as any other profession?

Referring to the curious fact that the nations in the old country sacrifice themselves for the personal ambition of their rulers, we found as the cause a perverted egoism, a stupid vanity, arising from ignorance. Taking Napoleon, for example, thousands gave up their life for the glory, an empty name, and boasted of the great battles they fought and won, though they only played a passive part in these historical events, being nothing but food for the cannon, trained dogs, who fetched the spoil for their master and were rewarded with well-deserved contempt. This irrational sentiment of vain-glory springs from national vanity, the foolish pride of being born in a certain part of the planet. This stupid egoism keeps up the political wars in Europe between nations who have no real cause for fighting each other. In America it forms the greatest obstacle for political and social reform. The great mass of the people grow up imbued with the idea that it is enough to be born on the free soil of America to be a great and wonderful man, and that everything here is as perfect as it can be, because it is free. Under this belief the people are as easily led and governed by the law as the ass by the bridle. They are robbed and abused to an extent that is quite incomprehensible for former subjects of the kings, and they bear it with patience and humility, because: Are we not the greatest and freest nation in the world, don't we make our own laws, which therefore must be the best in the world? This self delusion makes them moral cowards, the same as the belief in a divine providence reduces the ignorant people in the old country to slaves. Napoleon appealed to the vanity of his soldiers, he promised them glory and took their lives; here, the politicians flatter the conceit of the masses and take their money. Patriotism is a sad necessity when self-defense, the preservation of the state, the future welfare of the nation, demands the sacrifice of lives, but if a person claims individual merits from the accidental fact of being born in a certain spot, he is usually sadly lacking other qualifications as a useful member of society. How stupid of a man to boast of the deeds of a Washington or Lincoln as his personal merits. These men had a duty to perform in their days and it is their merit that they did it and were not satisfied with priding themselves of what some one else had done before them. But it is a weakness, a vanity of the lesser intellects of all nations, to pride themselves with the merits of others, their great men, although

very often they do not even know in what their greatness consists. Blind adoration of authorities and of the past, has never lead to progress and how little such a course would be in harmony with the sentiments of a Washington, we may infer from his own words in his farewell address on September 17th, 1896: "However combinations and associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the powers of the people and to usurp themselves the reins of the government, destroying afterwards the very engines which had lifted them to unjust dominion."

It is plain that no reform in laws can be attempted, unless a sufficient number of individuals have become convinced of the necessity: Thought and intention must precede the action of a single person as well as that of a large number. And before any unison in action can be achieved, a plan must be agreed upon and since it is impossible for every one to follow his own plan, a few persons must take the initiative and design the changes in law and government, to be submitted to the people. It seems quite feasible to take the laws of some other countries, the Swiss, France and Germany, compare them with our own, select the best from all and adapt them to the requirements of this nation. Such a work requires ability, time and labor and though there is an abundance of all, it is never devoted to such a purpose, because the evils arising from misrule have not reached an unbearable degree and history teaches us that the reason has never been the impulse for unanimous action of a whole nation. When the burden becomes intolerable the people will be rife for reform and some one will naturally take the lead in the movement.

When we examine the tenor of social and political life in America, we have no difficulty in tracing all the good and bad traits to the development and blending of innate social instincts of the original elements composing the American nation, under favorable conditions, the absence of hostile neighbors and the possession of vast areas of virgin soil. To its geographical advantages America owes her superiority in the first place. It is doubtful whether the colonies would have been able to win their liberty and establish a republic, if the wide ocean had not separated them from the mother country. As it was, the struggle was a severe and long one. The freedom of personal action and the vast opportunities for application of individual ability, have naturally led to a wonderful development of good and bad, the same as the fertile soil produces grain and weeds indiscriminately, if not controlled by human interest. Thus the tendency of life is exceedingly materialistic and selfish. According to the maxims laid down in this book, the materialistic conception of life is the only correct, nay, the only possible one, it only depends on the meaning of the term. If used in opposition to the theistic

theory, it means science, the study of nature, the search for truth at its only source instead of assuming a distorted human mind and calling it the last cause, as religion does. But if materialism is used to indicate a strong preponderance of the animal instincts, the desire to satisfy the material wants without regard to the welfare of the fellow-man, it corresponds exactly to the tendency of American life: A fierce struggle for material gain, for money and disregard for the higher accomplishments of the human mind, science, whenever the material advantage is not obvious at once. Religion is the natural outcome of this gross materialistic conception of life, it seems the most convenient and easy way to get rid of all duties towards society, requires no particular intellect nor any mental exertion. A man who has worked hard during the week, to obtain some advantage over others, to make money, goes to church on Sunday, babbles some effusion of fear and egoism, called prayer, listens to the mixture of commonplace talk and nonsense, called sermon, and returns home satisfied that he has done his duty towards society. The poor laborer gives some of his hard earned money to the church and prays to god for some of the coveted wealth for which he envies the rich, because he believes that some of it was originally destined for him but unjustly appropriated by the other. He is unable to comprehend that most of the people possessing more of the earthly goods than he does, owe their fortune to their own efforts, perhaps favored by circumstances, perhaps starting with no better prospects than he himself. He does not see that the small contributions to the church from people like him, clothe a bishop in splendor and surround him with comfort; he does not consider that the money spent by the working classes for whiskey, beer and tobacco, makes rich the saloon-keepers, distillers, brewers and dealers in these luxuries; he does not know that the vote he casts for the popular candidate, who flatters his national vanity by calling him a free citizen of this great country, etc., turns into another link of the chain that ties him to the drudgery of hard labor by reducing his share of the common wealth in favor of those who obtain more without returning any value.

(To be continued.)

Pastor Herbert G. Buss, and his wife, of the first Baptist Church of Colfax, Wash., are a pair of good actors. In this case we find an exception to the general rule. Pastor Buss insisted upon preaching the religion of humility and meekness in his own way, which the congregation resented and the latter sought to drive him out of church and home by force, but, the papers say, Mrs. Buss held the fort with pistol in hand, and chased the deacons out of church by holding a "bead" on them from the choir loft. She might have made the "shootin' iron" sing "Come to Christ" with more certainty than the choir itself.

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GENERAL BUSINESS RULES.

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS to the Blade will be discontinued at the expiration of the term for which the subscription has been paid up in advance. The address slip on the paper will show subscribers the date of expiration of subscription. Back numbers or numbers omitted will be sent, if asked for, upon renewal in case of discontinuance.

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WATCH FOR THE PINK SLIP.

In order to reduce expenses we have resorted to the expediency, this week, of inserting a pink slip in the folds of the Blade, which will convey to those receiving it, the knowledge that their subscription has expired and suggest a renewal.

Only those who are in arrears will receive the pink slip. If you receive your paper without any slip you will know that you stand square on our books. Should you find such a slip in your paper, we express the hope that you will act upon the suggestion and send your renewal at the earliest possible date.

We have adopted this method in order to save labor and expense, the labor of making out bills, the expense of postage. In times like these every little helps.

WHAT SUPERSTITION MEANS.

From time to time we have been regaled by the articles of our enthusiastic friend and co-worker, Dr. T. J. Bowles, upon the subject of superstition, wherein he was vividly portrayed the suffering, sorrow and misery that have flowed in its wake, and as a necessary result. Quite naturally, one of the first questions presenting itself to the mind of the earnest thinker is as to the cause. The re-

sults we know. History makes a grewsome revelation. It is the why and wherefore of all this with which we must now deal.

Stating the situation briefly, it may be ascribed to that inordinate individual egoism of which Dr. Hausman has so admirably written, and we find a pointed illustration of the modus operandi in the language of Abraham Gruber, noted, in New York, as a lawyer of high merit, an orator of rare ability, and a politician. As a general rule politicians carefully conceal their thoughts upon orthodox superstitions, but in a recent article which appeared in the daily papers, he is quoted as saying:

"A man who disputes with me about two and two making four simply doesn't know, and I am sorry for him, but if he doesn't subscribe to my superstition, I hate him."

For what superstition really means we have the answer given by Mr. Gruber in a nutshell.

"I hate him."

This was the condition of those minds of ecclesiastics in the middle ages which led to the horrible butcheries and torture inflicted upon men and women of intelligence. They not only detested the facts and philosophy promulgated by them, but hated the individual, and with fiendishness perpetrated almost unspeakable cruelty upon them. It is the same feeling that prompts the modern clergy and present-day devotees of superstition to boycott and ostracize the Freethinker, not because of an alleged erroneous conception of Nature and her laws, but because they positively hate him for having dared to oppose their superstitions. There is no hatred so virulent as that which springs from superstition. History records that many of the world's wars have been caused by trivial means, but the bloodiest of all were those wrought by the cohorts of superstition, and the end is not yet. Men worshipping the same god, though in slightly different form, cannot dwell together in peace in the same community, because of their personal hatreds and animosities. This much is evidenced by the turmoils and strife between Catholic and Protestant Irishmen, and other religious outbreaks upon the continent of Europe. Even in our country the same sentiment of personal hatred is experienced. Witness the violent outburst at the Chicago Baptist Conference by reason of the attack made upon Prof. Foster by the paid advocates of superstition. These men simply hated Foster, and they were unable to conceal that hatred even in an orthodox assembly where the influence of superstition's god was expected to be felt.

"I hate him."

That is superstition's battle-cry. It is far worse than fanatical ignorance. Superstition has always been relentless in the persecution of those whom it hated, brazen in its efforts to rule or ruin mankind, and cruel in its every attitude towards those who have dared to oppose it. In closing this brief comment we again quote from Mr. Gruber, who very aptly describes the situation, as follows:

"Many people hug the superstitions that laughter is friv-

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olous; that the gloomy are great; that mercy is weakness; that birth is character; that education is morality; that self-praise is commendation; that reform is progress; that fault-finding is better than assistance; that wit and humor are defects and only some solemn person should be mayor, or governor or president."

If every patriotic American man and woman could think like that, feel like that and talk like that, the end of superstition's day would be nigh.

SAYING AND DOING.

It has been well said that "men live by deeds, not by figures on a dial."

So it is with the Freethought party.

The Freethinkers of our age will live with posterity, not for what they are now saying, but what they are doing.

What is the use of mincing words? There is nothing to be gained by covering one's meaning with carefully written phrases, leaving others to vaguely guess the hidden thought. Tallyrand's joke about language being made to conceal thought, may be apt in many cases, but as it is only through language that thought can be expressed, it is well to use language that is plain and unequivocal, pointed, sharp, and without ambiguity.

If the Freethought party is to live by deeds, then by our deeds shall we be known and judged. Then what are we doing? What can we do? What are we going to do? Scattered as we are from Kalamazoo to Yuba Dam, we are utterly incapable of formulating and putting into effect any practical policy. United we are a rock against which the waters of orthodox intolerance and bigotry may beat in vain. We are, at present, like the sands on the shores of old ocean. We are many, but we lack adhesion. Every trifling wind that blows sends us hither and thither, because we have not solidity of action necessary to successfully resist. The power of resistance is with ourselves if we only strive to see that it is properly applied.

The Blade has suggested a meeting for the purpose of bringing about a national organization worthy of the cause. So far but few responses have been made. Out of nine letters eight are in the affirmative and four of these have promised to attend the meeting. True, the time has been short within which many of our friends have had an opportunity to write. The time will be extended until August 31 for answers to come in, and the final announcement of "to be, or not to be" will be made in our first issue of September. This gives all a chance. If the meeting is favored we may proceed to organize upon a new, a solid, firm and substantial foundation.

One of our intimate friends writes us that cold water may be thrown over the movement in anticipation of the Blade having a personal axe to grind, by securing for itself the title and position of official organ. We enter, right here, a formal disclaimer and disavowal of any such intention. As a matter of fact we would not accept any such office. Our plan is to make every Freethought paper

an official organ, to the extent that any official organ is necessary, and combine all elements in the party for the common good. No such feeling ought to be allowed to enter the heart. The cause of Freethought belongs to no man. It is universal in concept and must be universal in operation. Our principles are for mankind. Let no selfish motive operate to prevent the consummation of a proper organization.

Answers have been solicited to certain questions touching this important matter. Opinions thereon are sought from all. If we would win, if we would hasten the day of Freethought triumph, we must do so by organization. We have commanded both toleration and respect. Now we must force orthodoxy to its knees. Not to fight persons, but principles. Are you ready and willing to enter this combat of intellect?

Write freely what you think about it.

Do not delay too long.

Do it now.

Remember, deeds count, not words.

PRAISE, OR CRITICISM.

In a previous issue we made mention of books and the habit of reading them, suggesting that but few books were worthy of being read unless they could be criticized. One particularly bad habit of the present is that too many people strive to read the same book at the same time, the result of a purposed trick played upon the reading public by publishing houses.

The Blade has now in mind the forthcoming book of Dr. A. Hausman, on *Man's Origin and Destiny*. We have but sixty-two pages of the manuscript yet to be published, and as we are printing the book pages close up to the serial publication, we anticipate that in ten weeks more, its publication in the Blade columns will be completed, and in three weeks from that time, the new book will be ready for delivery to those who have subscribed for it. When this is done two purposes will have been fulfilled, two ambitions gratified. Most important of these, to ourselves, has been the realization of a purpose to furnish our subscribers with interesting and instructive reading matter, and the next, important to the author, is the publication of his work in book form, a consummation previously denied him through lack of financial means, and the fear of some publishers lest they offend the popular orthodox sentiment.

During the past few weeks we have received a number of criticisms upon the sentiments expressed and arguments offered by Dr. Hausman, as far as these have been published. Some of these criticisms have come from ardent advocates of the single tax theories of the late Henry George, and others from advocates of the different socialistic propaganda. These criticisms will be collaborated under one head and published in our next succeeding issue. Owing to a large quantity of excellent copy on

hand, from different contributors, we have been prevented from publishing them sooner, as our office rule is to publish articles in the order of receiving them, except in cases of important emergencies.

It is not our purpose to attempt any reply to these critics, as we are confident that Dr. Hausman is anxious to undertake this in person. In fact he cordially invites, for we know he recognizes the fact, that a book incapable of drawing the fire of intellectual criticism, must be almost too insipid to attract attention. The Blade realizes what this means to its limited space, for combining the criticisms with the answers that Dr. Hausman is bound to give, a draft will be made upon our capacity and some articles now on hand will be compelled to await further time for publication. And yet, the Blade is pleased that these criticisms have been made. It is in the discussion thereby created that new thoughts will arise, new inspirations be given, and the truth brought nearer to us.

While some of the critics have employed harsh terms in which to express their views, some becoming almost personal, yet, feeling that Dr. Hausman will be better pleased by knowing the exact opinions of others concerning him, and his merited work, we purpose to give them just as they are. We might add that any merited criticism, of true literary worth, could, with the consent of Dr. Hausman, be published with the book as an Addenda, along with the author's replies.

Being on this subject we again direct our readers to the near approach of publication and suggest an immediate advance subscription thereto which will save the cost of postage. After publication we shall be compelled to ask 25 cents additional to pay the postage charges for delivery purposes.

Subscribe now while you can get it for the modest sum of \$2.00.

ONE MORE ON REV. HOUGH.

Another letter received from C. E. Alexander, of Chanute, Kansas, regarding the alleged conversion, of M. D. Leahy, as stated by Rev. George A. Hough, the Episcopal preacher of San Francisco, informs us that Mr. Leahy did not at any time speak, lecture, or work for the Christian religion, but reiterates his former statement that M. D. Leahy died "firm in his atheism." It will be recalled that Rev. Hough stated that after his alleged conversion, at Great Bend, Kansas, by a lady evangelist, in the privacy of a room, Mr. Leahy labored to undo the "evils he had previously done" and thereafter, "until his death" preached throughout the "Southwest" on Christ and him crucified.

It is now due from Mr. Hough that he name places and dates whereat and when Mr. Leahy did these things, as stated by him, and to give the name of the lady evangelist who is said to have converted him. Surely the conversion of the "first president of the National Freethought University" is not such a light incident that the name and personality of the converter can be conveniently forgotten.

The intimate personal friendship that existed between Mr. Alexander and Mr. Leahy ought to put the former in a position to know the facts, while Mr. Hough admits, in his first letter to Mr. Frantz, that his information was based only upon hearsay testimony. With the facts we now have at hand, and the confessions of Mr. Hough, we conclude that he has been powerful reckless with the truth, but we do not anticipate that he is possessed of sufficient moral courage to inform his credulous congregation that he was either mistaken or had wilfully told an untruth.

Up to the hour of this writing we have not heard aught concerning the "Professor" who was converted with Mr. Leahy, by the same "lady evangelist" and at the same time and place, now said to be in some Commercial College in Denver. Failing in this respect we are again led to the conclusion that in order to extricate himself from a big sized hole, Rev. Hough has furnished as an authority the name of a fictitious person, or a dead one. If any information is furnished we shall be glad to correct the opinion here expressed.

Enough facts are at hand to explode Rev. Hough and his grand stand play and the Blade is satisfied with the investigation as far as it has gone. We would be pleased, however, to obtain further light on the subject as we would delight in exposing the lack of truth in some Christian preachers.

FREETHOUGHT AND THE REPUBLIC.

Under the doctrines of the orthodox Christian Church the very existence of this republic is a blasphemy against its god.

Priests and preachers, pulpit and pew, each have vehemently declared that this is a Christian nation, that it is especially favored of the Christian god, that it has usurped the place of Canaan as the promised land, and each loudly claims it as his own. To such as these, however, the cross is of higher importance than the flag, the church greater than the nation, and the clerical profession is, by them, regarded as of greater authority than the government.

It has been said that the clay has no rights in the hands of the potter which the potter is bound to respect. Man being but clay, according to Christian theology, in the hands of an almighty potter, man, according to the same theology, can have no rights which the almighty potter is bound to respect, thereby reducing man to the status of a mere puppet in the potter's hands. This doctrine means the utter destruction of human rights. The logical sequence of such an argument is that man is born a prisoner, lives a prisoner and dies a prisoner. Hence, this republic must either be a mistake, or its existence is in opposition to gods' plan. But theology has ever failed to recognize the natural rights of man, the great dignity of human nature, the imperishable glory of human freedom, those cardinal principles that form the foundation of civilized society.

But it may be said that although the republic does exist as

a fact, it is here only by god's permission. A mere sugar-coated assumption which rises not to the dignity of argument, hence no reply could be logically demanded.

It is the daring men of science and investigation, the enthusiasm of the philosophers, that have drawn from the mighty streams of time the political liberties we now enjoy. From them originated that cataclysm of doubt and thought which, in its onward course, will wash across the shore of oblivion's sea the thrones and tiaras that yet remain to curse a struggling world. All the magnificence of modern progress emanated in the affirmative declaration of human liberty and human rights. All other progress would be useless, for its meaning is that humanity must retrace its steps for a certain point of divergence from the true path, and resume the toilsome march once more, but in another direction. But tyranny could not rule forever, and that institution which not only refused to help, but actually opposed, the church, must submit to the inevitable, or allow itself to be merged into the mighty whole.

It may now be understood how a god-made man can have no natural rights. Assuming man to be so made the declaration of American Independence cannot be true. Accepting man as the highest product of natural law, ignoring god, the Declaration of Independence becomes a document of fire that has singed the wings of angelic authority. No thinking man or woman can possibly doubt that Freethought, or at least, the principles upon which it is built, has been the one electric spark which has flashed forth the nascent glory of what lay dormant in the hearts of the blind and struggling masses. Freethought has been the fulcrum—and it is yet—upon which is turning the destinies of mankind. It was the glory, and is now the pride, of Freethought, to point out the fact that no safe political structure was possible unless founded upon universal human rights. These are not questions of capacity, or of fortunate circumstance, but a question of human nature, a question of what essentially is. This is the message Freethought brings to all. It is the grandest, the greatest message ever spoken or penned, for in it lies the glory of all civilization, the grandeur and the majesty of man.

Freethought finds intense pleasure in the enjoyment of mental liberty, in doubting, questioning and searching, in overthrowing superstitious beliefs. It knows that every effect must have had a preceding cause, and realizing that it is impossible to break this everlasting chain, god has been taken from his pedestal in the clouds, analyzed, and found to be a figment of the ignorant imagination.

A GENUINE PRAYER TEST.

In the summer of 1895 the editor of the Blade, of course long before any connection of his with this paper, entered into a contract to submit himself to a supreme test of prayer, which resulted in ignominious defeat for the prayee.

Going through some old papers the editor came across a

two-column article published in the Dallas Morning News, of issue December 6, 1895, which gives an account of the test and its results. Considerable interest was aroused by reading over that article and it brought to mind an incident almost forgotten.

At the time mentioned, the Dallas Freethinkers' Association was one of the most active organizations of its kind in all America. It had large audiences every Sunday night, and its energetic secretary, Ormonde Paget, saw that a good entertainment was furnished. The editor gave a number of lectures before the Association. Upon one occasion, a lady by the name of Mrs. S. J. Sweeney, a worker in the Texas W. C. T. U., being present, took issue with what had been said, and after some argument, demanded that the editor allow her to place his name upon her prayer roll, to the end that she might pray for his conversion. The audience enjoyed the situation. At last an agreement was reached whereby the editor's name went on the prayer roll. Mrs. Sweeney was to pray earnestly for a period of three months. Provided a conversion was wrought we promised to make a public announcement of the fact. On the other hand, in the event we remained unconverted at the end of the stipulated period, Mrs. Sweeney was to publicly admit her failure, admit there was no efficacy in prayer and that a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering god did not exist. So the prayer test proceeded.

Three months from the date of the contract, after due public announcement, and a special invitation being sent to Mrs. Sweeney, the editor announced from the same platform, that he had not been converted and called upon Mrs. Sweeney to perform her part of the contract. She was not present. The News now sent a reporter to interview both and a statement from each was published. The headlines of the article read:

Efficacy of Prayer.

Result of Mrs. Sweeney's Supplication for the Conversion of Charlesworth.

Statements From Each.

Mr. Charlesworth Claims He is Still Unconverted,
Mrs. Sweeney Admits It, But Gives
Reasons for Failure.

Without giving the substance of the report, we deem the foregoing sufficient. Mrs. Sweeney had confidence in her ability to win. She failed, as all such tests must fail. She refused to carry out all the conditions she had assumed, but the result was beneficial to the Association.

The reception of a new truth sends a thrill through him who receives it, and by the necessity of our human nature we must all delight in a noble act.

NATUREISM.

(By Quirin Bachler.)

I enclose some of my latest. A few knows our Creator. We are living on Nature, our Creator's body; but the wisdom of our Creator exists in the invisible matter, which fills all space in the Universe. All knowledge comes from the wisdom of our Creator, but Nature does not feed us with the spoon of knowledge, we have to study hard to understand Nature. Our brain has no knowledge, it only is matter which draws the knowledge we inhale and with the organism of nerve system, which is the most wonderful machination in the Universe, it creates the knowledge, we have got or get. The invisible matter of knowledge does not rot, like all matter that is solid or in liquid form, consequently it will go into another body that is newly created and so we live again on earth. This is what I call the new faith. We have learned that all living creations have gratitude, if you treat them kind, why should the Creator not give us justice.

Everything living or everything that faces the invisible matter or space of the Universe has but a short time to exist and will be destroyed. Solid matter will be solved in liquid and drawn up in the invisible matter and come down again in rain to be created over again. Much will float in the oceans and gather in heavy weights which will cause earthquakes. The Universe or our Creator consists of three kinds of matter, solid, liquid and invisible matter, and so does the bodies of animals and men, when living. The duration of life without the invisible matter is about two minutes but without food or drink you can live over two weeks. Consequently the duration of life without invisible matter is 10,000 times shorter. So you can figure out how much stronger is the invisible matter than solid and liquid matter.

The soul or wisdom of our Creator is in the invisible matter and furnishes all the knowledge to its living beings. I think it is a sin not teaching the school children common sense or the value of our Creator.

If Roosevelt does not get punished by the Creator in his present life, for not enacting a law to teach school children common sense, I do not believe anybody ever will get punished in its present life. I am not the only one, that advised Roosevelt to enact a law to teach school children knowledge of our Creator.

There are many different opinions of science. Prof. Agassiz, the great American scientist, once said: When the unitary science comes, it will be something so entirely aside from our forced habits of thought, that it will find its first appreciation, probably, among men of large gen-

eral culture, rather than among men who are specialists in science.
Chicago, Ill.

BROAD—LIBERAL—FREE.

Outline of a Plan For National Organization of Freethinkers.

(By W. F. Jamieson.)

J. M. Reed, Wm. J. Howerton, Henry C. Roberts, in July 11th Blade, express their strong desire for organization. They want one which is broad, liberal, free.

"The Humanitarian Society" is this kind, to which H. M. Fisk, in the Blade, calls attention.

The mistake is sometimes made of supposing that an organization must be built of complex, cumbersome machinery. The simpler the better, more effective. Its foundation principles should be truisms.

No personal antipathies should be allowed to exist in a society or brotherhood. Be brethren in fact.

While our Liberal friends have been "talking" organization, a few of us have organized. As Horace Greeley once said, "The way to resume is to resume." The way to organize is to organize.

"By all means," says Mr. Reed, "let us have a colossal national Freethought organization on the most liberal plan possible consistent with its objects."

What are the objects of the "Humanitarian Society?" Answer—"To do good; to elevate humanity; to make mankind free, just and true."

On this broad basis, free as the expanded heavens, is the Humanitarian Society organized, which welcomes every man, woman and child without regard to beliefs or disbeliefs, all who are willing, like "The Good Samaritan," to labor for themselves and the good of their fellow-beings here and now; willing to practice the great law of kindness toward all mankind. Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, the natural rights of human beings, should be the first words and constant practice of every member of this Humanitarian Society. Children and adults are cordially invited to join the Humanitarians, no matter with what other societies they are connected.

Our noble Quaker poet, John G. Whittier, said: "If I were a young man I should ally myself with some high, and at present unpopular cause, and devote my effort to accomplishing its success."

Pentwater, Mich.

NOTE.—The Blade commends the principles outlined in the above article, and knowing Mr. Jamieson for many years, as a willing worker in our cause, is pleased to publish the same.—Ed.

(Continued from page 5.)

WAT ME AN' ANT PATTY KNOWED.

An the other folks thot she was happy I meen relijus happy but the oldest preecher ran tu the edj of the bayou an sez deer sister kam yourself. But the yung fellow that had talked bout ant Patty looked at me an kawt on an started toreds ant Patty an she saw him kummin an give a wurse screech than ever an jumped off of the preecher onto the bank and went at that yung man an he turned and run an ant Patty stopped an sed tu me less go home. An we did.

But Jimmy stayed tu see if the preecher was drowned an the wimmem wiped the mud off of him with their pocket hankchiefs an took him home to our pastors house an put him tu bed an give him camomile tea.

But Pa mayd a awful fus an sed ant Patty has disgraced the family. An ma sed ant Patty had a good reason for it an the preecher must have insulted her. An my Pa sez what of that wumman. She shud of tole me. An pa swelled up like a toad an sez I kan attend to them matters Pattys aeks wos unladylike.

But our skool teecher sez revenge is one of the manly virtues.

Rafter, Tenn.

SECULAR UNION CONVENTION.

Attention! Members of the Buckeye Secular Union, Rationalists, Materialists, and all Liberals:

(By Lou Lawrence, Secretary.)

The date of the annual convention of the Buckeye Secular Union, September 12th, is rapidly drawing near. The few intervening weeks ought to be full of action for others besides the Executive Board of the Union. The officers of the association need the hearty cooperation of Freethinkers in general and of those in Columbus and vicinity in particular. Let every man and woman interested in the spread of Rationalism make two resolutions, viz: To be in attendance themselves and to bring with them all their available friends.

In a recent letter, Dr. T. J. Bowles assured the secretary that he would be on hand and will occupy a place on the program. There will be plenty of other speakers and the completed program will be given to the press at an early date.

We have no national Freethought association; and the Buckeye Secular Union is our only state organization. It deserves the hearty support of all lovers of mental liberty; and it ought to be a matter of pride among Liberals to make the coming convention a brilliant success.

I am here reminded of the attitude of

the school men on the subject of religion, as it is illustrated by the articles by Mr. Harold Bolee in late issues of the Cosmopolitan.

That a revolution in the religious world is at hand cannot be doubted by discerning people; and while Freethinkers cannot but rejoice over such powerful allies, we must not rest upon our oars and leave the work entirely in their hands. Some of these professors seem inclined to claim for science most of the credit due for the spread of mental freedom; but I am disposed to believe that, had it not been for such as Voltaire, Paine, Bradlaugh and Ingersoll, the path of the scientists would have been much more thorny than they have found it. And is it not incumbent upon Rationalists, Materialists, and other disciples of these great apostles of the mental liberty to make themselves seen and heard, that they may, at least perpetuate the honor due to these founders of the liberal movement which now gives promise of a plenteous harvest?

From among the thousands of Freethinkers in Ohio and the adjoining states, we should have a representation at Columbus that will demand the respect of the press and the people.

Barnesville, Ohio.

PROGRAM FOR AUGUST.

San Francisco Materialist Association; meetings every Friday night—Jefferson Square Building, 925 Golden Gate Ave.

The Dialectic—By Austin Lewis, Attorney-at-Law.

Seven Successful Superstitions—By Wm. McDevitt, LL. M.

The Eye and Its Influence upon Life—By Dr. Rudolph H. Gerber.

Peru Before the Conquest; Its History—By Attorney Geo. B. Benham.

Watch for our September program.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, President Stanford University.

Cameron H. King, Attorney-at-Law.

Prof. H. A. Overstreet, State University.

Emil Liess, Attorney-at-Law.

Kentucky and the Sunday Law.

ELLCOTTVILLE, N. Y.—“The first Sunday law enacted in America was passed in Virginia in 1817. It provided that the man who did not attend church on Sunday should be fined two pounds of tobacco.” The quotation is taken from the Cattaranus Union of Salamonica, N. Y., and as Kentucky was a Virginia colony, the statement about the “first Sunday law” is appropriate. For the enclosed stamps please send me some extra copies of No. 10, the last issue of the Blade.—E. D. NORTH-RUP.

The Blade's Correspondence

More About M. D. Leahy.

CHANUTE, KANSAS.—Yours of the 9th just at hand relative to M. D. Leahy. I can say I never heard of his speaking at any time in behalf of the Christian religion or of his renouncing Freethought and from the fact of his friend and also mine, Mr. Elmer Harmon, who was with him during his last sickness at St. Paul, Neosha county, told me after his death, he did not recant as they tried to have him. So they (his mother most particular), his relatives, claimed that he might be buried in the Catholic cemetery. I had intended to go and see him in his last sickness but was unable to do so from some cause; but you can be assured he never returned to the Christian religion; he was too well informed for that. I further know that he converted two of his brothers, Thomas and John, from Catholicism to Freethought, and John, the youngest became quite an orator in our cause, and later was appointed to some Government office by Grover Cleveland. I will try and learn where he now is, and if I do will let you know as he could give us all the information needed. He was with M. D. Leahy all the time he conducted the school at Liberal, Mo., and was a bright student. I heard his oration on their commencement day. Now dear friend if I can learn any more facts in regard to the case will be glad to inform you.—C. E. ALEXANDER.
1105 S. Central Ave.

Generous-Hearted Co-Laborer.

PENTWATER, MICH.—A short time ago I wrote to my old-time friend, John R. Charlesworth, editor of the Blade, inquiring if I can have space to “say my say,” in reply to strictures in the Blade, subject, of course, to the rules of polite polemics, honorable controversy. I believe fully in free discussion. For the past six months I have been in partial retirement from the lecture-platform, while wife and I have been devoting our energies to the building of a cozy cottage home, on the shore of Lake Michigan. I shall now soon be out battling for the truth as I see the truth, for the remainder of my days. There is much to teach and do for humanity's sake. Mr. Charlesworth practices the spirit of true brotherhood, which so many Christians, and some Freethinkers merely profess. Here is his reply to my

letter:

“Lexington, Ky., June 9, 1909.

“W. F. Jamieson,

“Pentwater, Mich.

“My Dear Friend:

“Yours received a day or two ago, but have been prevented from answering until now. The article you speak of was written by J. Frantz, San Francisco. Will hunt up the issue having it and send on to you.

“The Blade columns are always open to you, for I can never forget your kindness to me when I began my Freethought work years ago.

“Wishing your and yours all possible happiness, I am fraternally yours,

W. F. JAMIESON.

Suggests Post-Cards.

TULAROSA, TEXAS.—It seems to me that publishers of Freethought literature are neglecting one very promising field of propaganda and that is illustrated post cards with suitable sentiments. I have been dealing in post cards for two years and have been unable to find a suitable line. This is a suggestion for what it is worth. Yours fraternally—WM. HOWER-TON.

Proper Names or Nouns.

ANNAPOLIS, MD.—In the Blade of June 27th, A. E. Wade explains his attack on Friend Frantz thus:

“First, I wish to criticise his spelling the proper name, ‘God,’ with a small letter, g.” And he continues: “If I know anything about English grammar, all proper names commence with a capital letter.” (I presume he means—all proper names commence with capital letters.)

I learned the same thing from my grammar and I also learned that proper names were the names of persons and places. Now, just for the benefit of some of us ignorant readers of the Blade will Mr. Wade please carry his explanations a little further and tell us why he and all his coadjutors, even to the pious translators of holy writ, in writing of those two places, concerning the existence of which they are so certain, always commence them with small h's?—W. L. LUCE.

Prose and Poetry.

CANNON FALLS, MINN.—Yours of the

22 inst. received today and I make haste to answer because I went to relieve my mind and keep up the habit I have of expressing my opinion wherever and whenever I can without making a fool of myself (in my own mind), you must know that I am in my 77th year, my wife 73 and her sister 75—us three and no more; all trying to live on 390 acres of land. Now here is where Christian Science comes in and makes me see that the Monitor is a daily travesty on the science; Conventional lies and Christian Science don't work together at all in my mind. I attended the Old Settlers meeting. I was loaded for them but the meeting was broken up by the hand of God but I keep the load yet.

At the forks of the road I stood
And wondered which way I should go,
Whether to take the road that leads to the wood
Or the one that leads below.
There's the forks of the road to every one,
As he stands like statue there,
The one that leads to the rising sun,
The other to death and despair.
The question that's asked is an easy one,
That each child could decide for himself,
Were it not for some son of a gun,
Who's working for plunder and pelf.

Or the damned majority (fools and rogues). The majority is the fool's argument and the rogue's opportunity. In my opinion Proportional Representation would stop this majority business P. D. Q. if the thinking ones would only work together.

The fool, the rogue, the honest man,
Are my great brother's three;
To please them all my constant plan
And make them all agree.
The honest man I love the best;
Because in him I trust;
But he's so good O! Give men rest;
His goodness makes me bust.
The rogue is sharp and funny too,
In some scheme his constant aim,
When in trouble he'll see us through
But his relief is worse than pain.
And there's the fool my ready mule
For burdens well equipt,
To care for him it is a sin I willingly accept.
But it's time to do my chores; I will
Now this to the boys; maybe we'll get a subscriber.
Yours in love of the truth,
ULYSSES TANNER.

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CINCINNATI, O.—If agreeable on your part you can put me down for one of Dr. Hausman's books. Somewhat disabled financially just at present but will be able

to mail you \$2.00 within two weeks. What makes Dr. Hausman's book welcome, is that it is wrote in plain everyday language without the usual scientific terms, so that every man or woman with the three R's, and a common school education would be able to digest and retain same.—SAMUEL RAGENDORF.

Neither Statement is True.

STAMFORD, TEXAS.—Can any one of the Blade readers give the dying words of Thomas Paine and is it a fact that on his death bed he made the statement: "Would to God I had all my writings together so I could burn them." Is it also a fact in history that Thomas Jefferson got his ideas of American independence from a little Baptist Church conference down in Virginia. Both of the above questions have been thrown at me by a Baptist brother and I've demanded the proof. My training has most all been by the church but in my older days have gone back on it. So am not very well up on Freethought and of course have been assigned by the church to the second death. With kindest wishes for the Blade and its many readers.—N. LINK.

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